

# THE CARMELITE

VOLUME I

NUMBER 39

## DENE DENNY OPENS CONCERT SEASON IN CARMEL

Dene Denny's return this year to the concert platform begins with a recital of modern piano music in San Francisco on the eleventh, opening the Fortnightlies of the season at the St. Francis. Under these fashionable auspices she presents a daringly modern program.

On Sunday afternoon the eighteenth, she will present the same program at the Theatre of the Golden Bough in Carmel.

"Miss Denny is unquestionably master of her particular style of musical expression," wrote one critic after a San Francisco recital. "Merely to memorize this array of ultra-modern ideas is an unusual accomplishment..."

"Sincerity and massive technique... held her audience in deep interest..." "...in such a bill as in its entirety has never before been undertaken in San Francisco by a single pianist in one program, whose material could have supplied three occasions."

Those who knew Miss Denny and her musicianship, recognize in her an intense sincerity in the presentation of contemporary music,—a difficult task in a culture whose audience-intelligence lags so far behind the need of composers to be understood. In playing her program of Schoenberg, Hindemith, Kodaly, Weisshaus, she is lending us her understanding,—rare even among musicians,—of the music of our times.

## WANTED—A QUORUM

The Council meeting scheduled for last Monday night met, in part, and waited. City Attorney and City Clerk and Judge, two editors and a reporter waited. The Mayor and one loyal councilman, Mr. Lee Gottfried waited for their colleagues and a quorum. In vain. The Council was adjourned till Wednesday night and the City of Carmel shelved its troubles and misgovernments, complaints and suggestions for two days.

PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA  
CALIFORNIA  
WEDNESDAY  
NOVEMBER 7 1928  
FIVE CENTS



DENE DENNY  
PIANIST

## MUSIC UNHEARD

Since there is beauty that is strong and sure—  
Mountains against the dawn, and the small showers  
Of early April,—since these things endure—  
The sea, and firelight, and wild-lilac flowers,—  
Why should I try to purify with tears  
Eyes blind to beauty frailer than the mist,  
Such beauty as the touch of hopes and fears  
Withers, such beauty as may not exist?  
Yet not enough the wholly beautiful  
Pallor of stars blowing across the sky;  
My heart is listening, listening in the cool  
Of earth at dream, hushing every sigh,  
For other voices that have never stirred  
This calm, for music still unheard, unheard.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

## Carmel News

### TOM BICKLE'S AIRPLANE IN CATASTROPHE

Following shortly upon the recent airplane catastrophe in Carmel which cost Jack Mulgardt his life, and is only next week releasing his companion, Cromwell, from the hospital, another accident comes swift on its heels.

Tom Bickle's airplane, has come down at San Diego to the ground in flames, bearing with it and injuring a close friend of Mr. Bickle's, who was riding it. It was the result of a collision in the air with a plane making its first solo flight, to which it was giving instruction in descending. The occupant of the second plane was killed.

Mr. Bickle had used his plane more than once in emergencies. At one time he was called by a physician for an anti-toxin which was needed at once. "Have you got it, Tom? I need it badly."

"No. There is none nearer than San Francisco. But I'll have it for you in three hours."

And it was there at the moment appointed.

### THE FUNCTION AND MEANING OF DREAMS

How to analyze dreams, and turn that analysis into a healing of individuals suffering from repressions, was the theme of Dr. H. G. Baynes second lecture, at the Sunset School last Saturday evening, on Analytical Psychology.

A repression is an injury to the instinct. Certain values set as a cultural ideal at different periods of history are responsible for such repressions. The traditions and values of Christendom are, for instance, the basis of many of these. The recoil from decadent paganism tended toward an overvaluation of special characteristics on the part of the church. Saintliness considered largely in the suppression of sexuality.

Jung believes that this libido may run along different channels at different periods in one's life. It may at one time be centered in intellectual pursuits, in a desire to succeed in some chosen work; or it may be of a sexual character. Whenever any vital impulse has been thwarted, neurotic symptoms take its place. And "anyone who has taken a way below his best is a neurotic," says Jung. The object of all psycho-analysis then, is to increase this libido, to free the unconsciousness of any repressions, and to allow this vital energy to transform itself according to its own law.

## Lectures This Week

### OUR LOCAL JUNIOR COLLEGE

And all this time there is a thriving Junior College at Salinas! Of it Dean R. C. Bentley is the head, having come to it from the faculty of Stanford University, and having been before that, Dean at Clark University,—the cradle of modern psychology under the great G. Stanley Hall. The personality and the idealism of Dr. Bentley, together with the rich experience behind him, have already done much to make of the little Junior College at Salinas, with its forty students, a school of promise.

Dr. Bentley will lecture, on Wednesday the fourteenth next, before the P. T. A. and the invited general public, at three o'clock at the Sunset School. His subject is "The Peculiar Opportunity of the Local College." As it is possible that people of Carmel may wish to use the facilities of this nearest institution of higher learning, and as it is more than likely that the Junior College at Salinas will establish cultural and other relations with Carmel's best activities, it will be distinctly interesting to hear and to meet its head.

### SCIENCE AND THE MODERN MIND

Dr. D. T. McDougall, of the Carnegie Coastal Laboratory hidden away in the woods of Carmel, is doing exceedingly interesting and creative research work, and is one of our most outstanding figures here. He will lecture at the Monterey High School on Thursday evening of this week at eight, under the auspices of the Monterey P. T. A., on his subject "Science and the Modern Mind."

Following the lecture, a film showing reproductive processes in plant and animal life, made by the University of California for educational purposes, will be shown.

### W. I. L. LECTURE COURSE BEGINS

Friday evening of this week opens the season's course of lectures given under auspices of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Professor M. M. Knight, of the Department of Economics of the University of California, will lecture on "The Cost of War and Who Pays for It." This will occur at the residence of Mrs. Garrett Teare at Ninth and Lincoln, with an admission charge of fifty cents.

### AND NOW FOR FOLK DANCING!

In the Ojai Valley, near Santa Barbara, there is a community of people, perhaps rather like us here, who have developed a feeling for folk dancing... They like

## THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

### October

### November

8	Lecture—at the Monterey High School, at 8:00. By Dr. D. T. McDougal, on Science and the Modern Mind. Auspices of the Monterey P. T. A. Open to the public.
9	Lecture—at the residence of Mrs. E. G. Teare, Lincoln at Ninth. By Professor M. M. Knight of Berkeley, on The Cost of War and Who Pays for It. Auspices of the Women's International League. Admission fifty cents.
10	Sale of Food—all afternoon at the old Library, by the Girl Scouts.
11	Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
12	Folk Dancing—at the Sunset School at 7:30. Open to all.
14	Lecture—at the Sunset School at 3:00. By Dr. J. C. Bentley of the Salinas Junior College, on The Peculiar Opportunity of the Local College. Auspices of the P. T. A. Open to all.

to dance, all ages, all occupations,—and they do dance... every week.

There have been people in Carmel thirsting, in the same spirit of play, for the same thing... They want to dance too,—young and old.

Now they are going to.

Everybody is invited to come, next Monday evening at seven thirty at the Sunset School, to dance folk dances under the delightful direction of Miss Jean Wallace. This is part of the winter program by the school for the grown-ups. Other work will include Shop Work, Wood Carving, and Clay Work, with Mr. Ernest Calley instructing. Classes are free to all, but enrollment must be made NOW.

### WOMAN'S CLUB NOTES

Of Woman's Club activities this year the new Bridge Section is spurring ahead energetically, with four or five tables again to be filled at the next meeting on Tuesday the thirteenth at the Pine Inn, in the evening.

The Book Section is discussing Gertrude Bell's letters,—volume one last week; volume two on Wednesday morning at Mrs. Ford's.

Current Events, under the leadership of Mrs. Lawler, are being heard with much interest this year, the group meeting at Mrs. Mead's on Casanova.

The Garden Section meets weekly on Thursday mornings at ten, at Mrs. Fenner's.

## HOW TO BEGIN TO WRITE

"A writer is a man who by means of the printed word produces an effect on those people he intends to affect." This was the beginning and the burden of a talk by A. R. Orage last Thursday at the Lincoln Steffens' house on "How to Begin to Write." About fifty people were present.

Before printing was invented, said Mr. Orage, there was a speaker and a hearer, and nowadays these same people exist, but disguised as writer and reader. Writing should read as though it were spoken. "When you take pen in hand you still a person who takes tongue in cheek."

There are three and only three basic forms in literature—prose, poetry, and the intermediate form, *vers libre*, which correspond to the three spoken forms of speaking, singing and chanting, continued Mr. Orage. Walt Whitman for instance was a chanter.

There are three steps between the successful writer and the docile reader. The first is choice of subject, and the greatest trouble with writers is that they choose subjects not suited to them. "You should choose a subject with which you are long familiar, and it should be complete in your mind before you begin to write." The best writing was done very fast, Mr. Orage claimed.

"Every writer can evoke in any reader any emotion he wishes to arouse. He must seize hold and intensify the interest of the reader. And he must do so in the first three sentences. The first three sentences of anything you write determines the value of the thing you write." It was by their first few sentences that Orage used to judge the manuscripts that came in to him during his fifteen years' successful Editorship of "The New Age" in London, and it was by those sentences that he discovered and afterwards creatively encouraged such well-known literary figures as Katherine Mansfield, Michael Arlen, Edwin Muir, J. C. Squire (now Editor of the London Mercury) and many others.

The second step the successful writer has to take is the correct choice of form, which must of course be determined by the subject; whether you write a novel, short story, sketch, essay or dialogue should be inherent in your subject and you.

And the third step—style. "Style is the substitute in the written word for the presence of the speaker."

"Style is the emotional state into which the reader is to be put," and this should correspond to the one in which the writer is.

"Style is the reflection in vocabulary and rhythm of the emotional relation between writer and reader."

"If you are sufficiently in the emotional state in which you wish to be," the

speaker continued, "the words appropriate to the attitude you are taking to your reader will occur to you."

No short report can do justice to the many remarks, telling examples and provoking sallies of this thought-provoking speaker, whose fluency alone is a tribute to the schooling he has undergone in the practice of his own method. His talk on Thursday stated what to many were obvious and self-evident truths, but nothing is so little listened to so little believed, so rarely taken stock in as a self-evident truth. Mr. Orage's restatements were as important to writers as a Thesaurus or a dictionary.

## DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS PUDAN

In 1906 the Pudans came to Carmel... and for ten years theirs was the only two-storey house in town. Mrs. Pudan was for many years a prominent member of the original Carmel Library Board, and active in the Community Church. Her death occurred last week after a long illness, at the age of seventy-five. Her son, Mr. T. E. Pudan, being en route for Mexico.

## EUROPE LOOMS LARGE IN THE FRASER LOOMS

Carmel must be the centre of the Universe. Either Carmelites go to the ends of the earth, or else the products from foreign lands come to us. And you never know where the next treasure-trove will turn up.

The Fraser Looms has just received from China dainty little tortoise-shell concubine bracelets with gold filigree work inlaid with jade and amethyst, amber, coral and sard. These bracelets have come on the market because the revolution and hard economic conditions in China have robbed the geisha girls of their patrons and so they have to sell their jewels, as the Middle Classes in Central Europe had to after the war.

From Poland come bright colored prints for friezes, with pigs and goats and cows and peasants on harvesting wagons; and carved wooden blocks on plaques. There are French prints, for children, too, and Spanish and French paint-books which teach the old nursery rhymes.

But in addition to the things for children, the toys and frocks in richly designed embroidery, and the bibs and the rugs with toy soldiers and Peter Rabbit, and the notepaper, there are lovely things for their mothers. Table-sets from Italy and France, in Assisi work and in Basque linen. Handwoven coats and scarves and material in lovely colors and designs. Rugs and bags, again in Italian and French embroidery but also in real Carmel work, woven at her own looms as she sits like the lady of Shalott, bent over the threads—by Mrs. Alfred Parker Fraser.

## Personal Bits . .

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, after some weeks in Geneva telling her Irish tales of Finn McCool's fighting men to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and to various other English-speaking groups of the many international organizations there,—is about to return to Paris. Her daughter, Valentine remains in school at La Pelouse near Bex, reports that her school turned out into the vineyards to help the peasants pick grapes.

Mrs. Porter's most interesting times have been in the English colony, telling tales of Indian magic as she has heard them from Mr. Murphy of Carmel, out of his inexhaustible store, and of her own experiences on the California desert. They seem to think her Marco Polo, ask her at once to tea, and say, "O, what a wonderfully brave woman you must be!"

Mr. and Mrs. John Kenneth Turner are back in Carmel after an absence of four months. Mr. Turner edited in San Francisco *The Labor World* and quadrupled its circulation.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Orage left on Saturday for Los Angeles where Mr. Orage will lecture at the house of Marcella Burke.

\* \* \*

Stanley Wood and his family returned last week from their painting trip South, mainly around Atascadero. They encountered fog even there but Mr. Wood got some sycamores. He said it was a relief to see deciduous trees. They had a hair-raising escape from an impassable road on which they found themselves, and which was too narrow for a turn. The little Ford however, anxious to live up to her proud new coat of paint, did manage it and brought her freight home in safety.

\* \* \*

Dr. Amelia Gates is to be congratulated on her courage. She gave a political dinner last week including people of all political persuasions. The sparks flew, but the conversation was much enjoyed. Present were Mrs. and Mr. S. Wilson, one-time Socialist Mayor of Berkeley, who has recently been in England holding mass meetings among the miners; Mrs. Kincaid and her son, of Palo Alto both enthusiastic American communists; Mr. and Mrs. Rhys Williams, and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens. What between her affiliations with the London Labor Party (of which she was a branch secretary for some years), her "Bolshevik" husband, and her position on the Executive Committee of the Carmel Women's Smith-for-President Club, this lady must have felt something like the Vicar of Bray.

On enquiry we find all the guests are doing well.

## HOW THE WORLD WAGS

Two similar words have held the headlines in this week's papers, Craft and Graft. The first refers to the Zeppelin which returned to Germany on time again filled with passengers, mail and luggage, even to the "World's first aerial stowaway." It is more than ever needful now to consider what is to be done with all the leisure that will pile up when one's traveling and work can be accomplished so quickly, and amusements brought into the home.

\* \* \*

The Graft that has been agitating people has been laid variously at the doors of the G. O. P., Tammany, the London police, the District Attorney and several large oilmen of Los Angeles, all the way down to little railway companies and other Boards on our own Peninsula. One might stop and consider whether something so universal is not more systematised, more due to a system, then to the bad actions of bad men. Assuming this, might it not be a legitimate and perhaps profitable pastime, to enquire into its causes?

Meanwhile an American President will have been elected on the strength or weakness of it, several London policemen have lost their jobs, a kindly and merciful District Attorney (of whom there are few enough) will retire in disgrace and the world will go merrily on feeling it has accomplished something.

\* \* \*

Twenty three men and women were arrested in Boston on November third while parading in front of the State House in a Sacco Vanzetti demonstration. They were charged with creating a public nuisance.

For once legal terminology has hit its mark. It will without doubt be a great nuisance to the government when the truth of this affair comes out. Already some bandits have confessed that they were the ones who committed the first crime Vanzetti and Sacco were charged with.

\* \* \*

In London the Labor Party has gained close on two hundred seats in the municipal elections, in the majority of cases capturing them from Conservatives.

Maybe the fruits of the desperate industrial situation, which has thrown the workers of England back fifty years, are being reaped now. England should be as interesting an experiment as Russia to watch. She is trying to achieve the same ends, by "peaceful," "evolutionary" methods. Remains to be seen what happens when the Labor Party is in power—in a majority.

\* \* \*

A mechanical man has been perfected in England. He can stand, sit down, walk, move his arms and legs, and talk. The speech issues from a radio unit concealed within the "robot." His name is

Eris and he recently opened the Radio Show in that country.

He is raised to a standing position by a motor placed in the base. Power is conveyed to the knees by means of a belt drive geared down through reducing pulleys to prevent his leaping through the roof when told merely to stand. A second motor is connected with the base of his "spine" to operate his eyes, head and limbs. A series of five levers actuated by wire controls is attached to the frame composing the body, and these in turn are connected with pulleys which are worked from a fibre shaft.

His inventor, Captain A. J. Richards said: "Inventors of the future will probably perfect Robots so that they may be able to do almost anything that man does, but I don't think they will ever be able to make robots think."

Does he think they think now?

## WEATHER...NOVEMBER...

During the night, the first rain of the season...an energetic thudding of heavy drops upon roofs, and a grateful sigh from thirsting earth and trees.

From the ocean, the sound of high tide in storm.

And when day comes, a sea in a mist of pearl...No color in the light...no color on the sea...Only beyond, the horizon seeming to rise up in a gigantic colorless slow-moving wave; and to break, forty feet high, toward the shore,—the ocean's impact mighty, the whole earth shuddering underfoot at the shock.

Indoors, the hour of tea the one living moment of the day, with cottage chimneys giving forth a pale curling smoke, in sign of hospitable hearths below.

Then night descending, chill, unpromising...

But in the morning...Sunday...slow lazy waking into a day of sun-glory. The sun! the sun! Color and clear ecstasy everywhere. The rain-washed trees breathe almost visibly after the summer's suffocation. Down on the drenched beach children are racing into the wave-edge after bits of kelp. And overhead, a small flock of white birds, sparkling in the light like silver stars, suddenly break the geometric formation of their orderly flight southward, to drift about in pure aimless bliss upon the winds of Sabbath calm.

Roger Sturtevant has returned from San Francisco where he saw The Dybbuk twice. He is now uttering fervent panegyrics upon the beauty and the dignity of this production, together with comments upon the very fine acting of Irving Pichel.

## The Theatre . . .

## THE DYBBUK

From all we read and hear of the production by the Temple Players in San Francisco of The Dybbuk, it is a remarkable and outstanding performance...acting, settings, richness and depth of symbolism and idea. Junius Cravens, editor of the Argus, writes: "The mind of a master director was apparent through the opening performance...Every episode of each scene was carefully composed in its relation of actor to setting, whether of a single, dramatically dominant figure, or of the rhythmic, unified movement of a mass...The acting was of the highest grade, not only in the principal roles, but throughout a cast of more than forty persons...Irving Pichel's handling of the role of Rabbi Azrael was in its entirety superb, if not actually great.

...Pure symbolism was used where there was danger of lapsing into realism...in order to keep ever before the audience a realization of the deeper meanings of the play.

...it was a comparatively perfect production."

Time is a Cosmic gendarme who makes stagnation impossible with his "Circulez, Messieurs!"

## THE THEATRE

of the

## GOLDEN BOUGH

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First Show 7:00 Second 8:45

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Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 7 and 8

Dolores Del Rio in

"RAMONA"

Friday, November 9

"DIAMOND HANDCUFFS"

Eleanor Boardman — Conrad Nagel

Saturday, November 10

"DETECTIVES"

Karl Dane — George K. Arthur

Sun. and Mon., Nov. 11 and 12

"THE SCARLET LADY"

Lya De Putti — Don Alvarado

Tuesday, November 13

"LOVELORN"

By Beatrice Fairfax

with Sally O'Neil

Coupon Books on Sale

## The Movies

### "LOVES OF CARMEN"

Edwin Carewe production.

It is strange that young and enthusiastic and everchanging as the movies are, there are some errors they persist in making. Here was a good story, a beautiful actress (Dolores Del Rio), a capable director. Even a romantic background—gypsy life and bull fighting. With all this the makers of the picture insist that there is one and one factor only that brings people to the movies, and that there cannot be too much of it. Well, there can, and it spoiled this picture. A cheerfully insulting gesture as that made by Carmen and her factory colleagues with a portion of her anatomy is amusing when made once, tolerable a second time. But repeated at every possible occasion throughout a five reel picture it becomes monotonous and stupid. It is again our old friend the fallacious judgment of "What the public wants." The public has shown over and over again that it likes movies that appeal to some other senses than the merely sensual, yet the commercial men of Hollywood will not believe it. Another mistake in this film was the portrayal not of the actual Spanish types, but the Hollywood idea of them. Hemingway has given a good enough idea of the courtesy and good manners of bull fighters for them not to make the mistake that was wished on to Victor McLaglen. He would neither eat those absurdly gargantuan meals (how could he keep in training and be Spain's greatest bull-fighter if he did?) nor would he eat them so boorishly. Europeans do understand the little niceties of life. Why exaggerate and overdo? The same mistake was made in "Camille." The French do not get drunk in the coarse and brutal way that seems to represent the Hollywood idea of a wild party.

These faults were so grave that they spoiled one's enjoyment of good sets, and acting that would have been good in its place. Its place was not Carmen. —E. W.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin gave a large dinner and party of welcome for Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea on their return from Tahiti last week. The Highlands and Carmel were there in force. Mr. and Mrs. O'Shea described their travels (the vegetation seems to have astonished and pleased them most; avocados at two cents each; can you beat it?). Mr. Flavin showed some slides of China and Japan which he had had made from his own photographs and colored in Japan; and one exceedingly interesting one of Broadway in 1873, upon which Dr. MacDougal made explosive and explanatory remarks.

## For the Children . . .

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## Peter's Paragraphs

Listening in to intelligent people's reasons for voting for one of the four candidates in this election it seemed more and more true, to one hearer at least, that political opinions have no more to do with "mind" than love has. "Reasons" for voting one way or the other, just as allegiance to any non-political party or cause, seem to be the effect not of rational thought, but the expression of a personality in action. Just as a racial type will have fair hair and blue eyes, so a psychological type will be for Hoover or Smith, Thomas or Foster. This may explain why so few people wait till they have heard the candidates' speeches to make up their mind. The only people who can be "converted" during an election are those whose personality type is not expressed by any one of the four candidates.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Environment counts somewhat, of course. The extreme Tory die-hard has been compared, psychologically, to the extreme dogmatic Radical in England. Their methods of force and arbitrariness, their hard intolerance, their clinging to dogma, are similar. But the extreme die-hard is usually a man of wealth and position who has something to lose, while the extreme Communist is more often of the dispossessed classes.

\* \* \* \* \*  
There are examples. Sons and daughters of Tories in England have joined the Labor Party; they and their friends think it is out of "pure" intellectual conviction. But were those children not dominated by tyrannical parents, or in an "authoritarian atmosphere outside the family (in school, Church or society) they would probably not have rebelled in this way.

\* \* \* \* \*  
We are all aware of the type that is "agin everything." That type must be against whatever is, even if it thoroughly agrees with it. There is the type that needs to complain (this is a popular way of expressing its psychological make-up.) If that type, which finds its satisfaction in finding fault, were confronted with something perfect, it would be unhappy. Therefore it can never find anything completely satisfactory. And it is as useless to argue with it as it is to plead with Niagara not to waste so much water.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The young Mexican who is accused of assassinating General Obregon says on the witness stand that he was tortured in order to wring a confession from him as to who his accomplices were. He was hung by the thumbs, stretched on an improvised rack, and in other ways treated by the police as in the days of the Inquisition. The usual retort to such allegations is either: "What can you expect from Mexico?" or "Why believe an assassin?" Yet any police reporter in the

United States can tell of these methods being employed daily, in these States; any criminal will describe them; Jack Black tells of them dryly in his autobiography "You Can't Win." Europe knows all about the third degree. Only in America is it allowed, excused, and untrue because unknown. Rarely do these facts come up in a trial because the accused know how the police will come back at them.

\* \* \* \*

The police in America are legalised gunmen; not as individuals, but as a force. Criminals have always the police before them as shining examples.

\* \* \* \*

One possible reason for the small amount of crime in England as compared to America is that the English police do not carry guns.

\* \* \* \*

The Duke of York is planning to establish in London a clinic where prominent men and women can be treated for stammering. The clinic is to be presided over by the specialist who cured the Duke of York from this disability, and only very prominent people will be admitted.

The news-report does not add what the fees are to be which this very prominent physician is to be paid by his very high-up patients.

Yet stammering can be cured by common sense. Doctors and neurologists agree that it is a nervous trouble and can be removed when the cause of the nervous trouble is removed. A child with a nurse he dislikes may stammer; a child teased and sneered at and snubbed in the home. Pop Ernst once cured a child from stammering that had been taken to doctors and specialists in vain. He discovered that the boy's father was something of a despot; so he gave the boy a cure (to say every sentence over to himself slowly three times before he said it aloud) but added that the child should not tell his father what the cure was. It worked. The child ceased to stammer. Pop's explanation is the cure; our own is that the child had a secret from the father and thus gained some assurance where before he had felt only inferior. The fundamental cause of the trouble had been dealt with.

\* \* \* \*

The election of Hoover as President of the United States would prove a valuable addition to the world experimental laboratory in social government and politics. America would then be openly and avowedly a rule of Capital by Capital for Capital; Russia a government of Labor by Labor for Labor (and in Russia there are only workers and therefore "workers" and "people" are synonymous); while in the other countries of the world business and the people still have a share in varying proportions. To watch governments with a scientific eye and without prejudice might give us some of the knowledge of how to run our social affairs which we so badly need.

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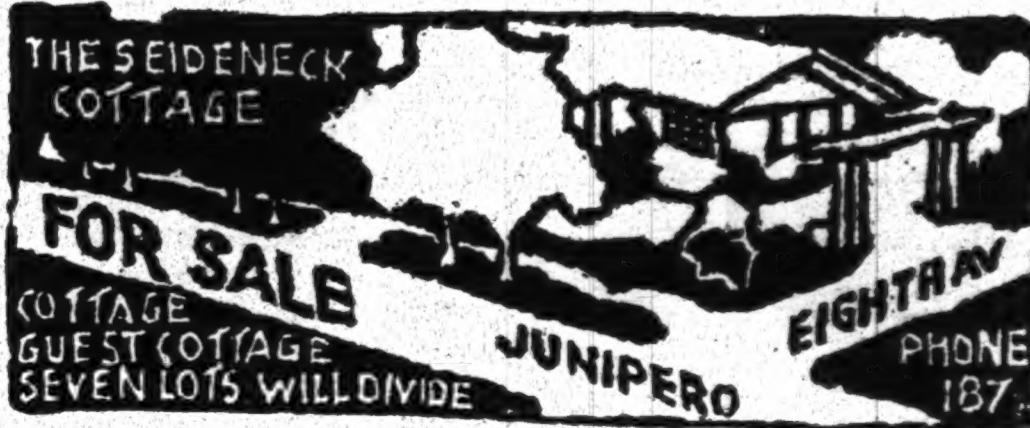
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Old San Francisco  
at

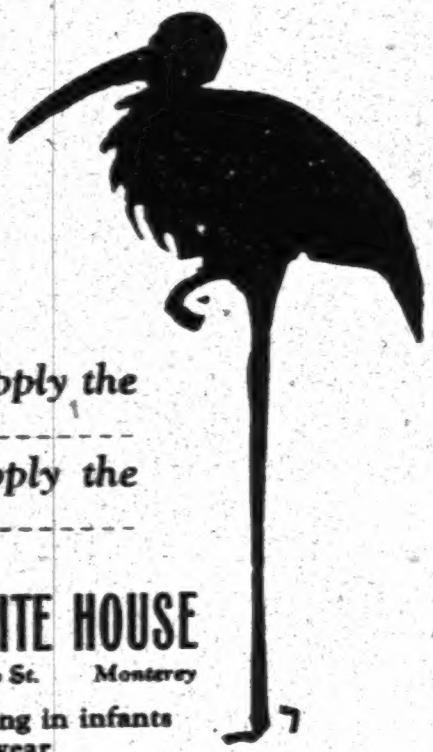
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## The Youngest Set

### NOT ONLY CHILDREN REASON THIS WAY

Max (aged six) on Saturday morning.  
"Mother, may I go up to the butcher's  
shop and watch them cut the meat?"

"No dear."

"Why?"

"Because it is not a pleasant sight and it  
won't do you any good. I'd rather you  
went up to watch the steam-shovel on  
San Carlos."

Max thought this over.

Then presently...

"Mother isn't meat good for you? Doesn't  
it make you grow?"

"Yes dear."

"Doesn't machinery sometimes kill you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the child triumphantly,  
"would you rather see me killed than  
grow?"

\* \* \* \*

The experimental method of the scientists  
works perfectly with children, apparently.  
One doesn't have to know how to bring  
up a child; all you have to do is to form  
your theory and try it out. A father  
who had the idea that courtesy, not  
obedience, was a sufficient virtue to de-  
velop and appeal to, found his little boy  
doing something he should not do. It  
was not a bad thing, only inconvenient to  
the parent. He tried his theory. "You  
may do that, my son," he said. "I give  
you permission to do it if you wish, but  
I—I, your daddy, I don't want you to do  
it and I ask you not to. Do you under-  
stand?"

The young gentleman, who had been  
watching his father keenly, said he under-  
stood. "Yes, papa, you say I can do it  
but please not to."

"That's it exactly," papa said. "I let  
you, but I request you not to." And he  
stood and watched the experiment and  
the boy work, as they did, both of them;  
not well, not as he expected, but scientific-  
ally. The little boy went right on  
happily doing what his courteous daddy  
requested him not to do. All the parent  
had to do was to change his theory a bit;  
not the boy, but his idea of education.

### FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

When we come to think about it we  
really don't know our friends. If we knew  
their history we might be able to find  
reasons for their actions and ways. If  
we cannot understand our best friends  
how can we understand foreigners or  
another nation's customs and ideas with-  
out knowing something of the history of  
man and the world? We must also know  
their country and the nature of its people.

THE CARMELITE, November 7, 1928

It is the ignorant people who think only  
of their nation or side of things.

In a few hundred years it will be the pen,  
not the sword, that will conquer. Since  
our own government has risen so high in  
its short history why cannot a world court  
be the supreme power and judge of the  
earth.

Peace conferences are now being held  
and speeches given to try for a sympa-  
thetic understanding between nations.

In olden days the means of trial was by  
fighting or torture. It was considered  
that he who was mighty was right. Now  
we laugh at such an idea but still we see  
which country can kill most of the in-  
habitants of another country to decide a  
question. Until people can be made to  
see their foolishness there will continue  
to be petty strife and quarreling.

—Frances Butler (7th grade of the  
Sunset School).

\* \* \* \*

It was in a large room in the Smithsonian  
Institute. In the middle stood a shining  
silver plane 'The Spirit of Saint Louis'  
with a gang of workers around it. To  
one side stood a handsome young man,  
tall and slender with blond hair and an  
earnest face.

A crowd of people thronged by.  
Amongst them was a man who caught  
Lindbergh's attention. He was elderly  
and his dark face was scored with lines  
expressive of hard work and privation.  
He was dressed in a thread-bare suit  
which once consisted of purple hose, a  
brocade cloak, a crushed velvet hat; and  
what surprised Lindbergh most of all, a  
long sword clanked at his side. In his  
hand he held a parchment chart.

He came up to Lindbergh and introduced  
himself as Christopher Columbus. Lind-  
bergh stared. Columbus went on, "I  
have heard of your wonderful flight  
across the Sea of Darkness;" he held out  
the scroll of parchment and Lindbergh  
saw it was a rude map of the Atlantic.

"It was a Sea of Darkness for me, too," he  
answered, "while I flew at night."

Columbus looked enviously at 'The Spirit  
of Saint Louis.' "It took me ten weeks  
to do what you did in thirty four hours."

Lindbergh smiled, then asked whether  
Columbus would like to see how the plane  
worked. Columbus nodded and followed  
Lindbergh over to the plane where Lind-  
bergh explained all the details of flying.  
Columbus looked perplexed "When," he  
asked, "was this marvel, the airplane, in-  
vented?" "Only about twenty five years  
ago" came the reply. Then Lindbergh  
went on to describe the gigantic ocean  
liners; Columbus looked incredulous and  
told about the hardships and suffering  
on board the three ships. Just then a  
workman asked a question which Lind-  
bergh answered, but when he looked  
around Columbus had vanished.

—Garth Jeffers (eleven.)

## Gardens . . .

### NOVEMBER PLANTING

All spring flowering bulbs, especially jonquils and daffodils, should now be in the ground, and attention can be given to taking up and dividing perennial plants.

While some varieties of these may remain untouched for three years, other fast-increasing sorts will need dividing every two years. Take up the clump, preferably with a digging fork; shake out the earth, and pull carefully apart, or divide with a strong sharp knife. Have scissors at hand to trim back fibrous roots to about two inches. Never replant with the entire feeding root system attached. In its new circumstances the plant will readjust itself while resting. Plant primroses of various kinds for winter flowering; also cinerarias and pansies.

Any new lawn under contemplation should be put in now. Old lawns can best be renewed by giving a sprinkling of a mixture of well-rotted manure and leafmold. Bare places should have some grass seed added to the compost.

Cuttings of all hardy garden plants such as geraniums, pentstemons, and the sub-scrubby things, can now be put in the ground in a sheltered place and the bed sprinkled with leaves or damp sawdust to prevent drying out.

In the borders hoe down the fresh weed crop as it appears, and keep the surface in condition to soak up the first rains.

—Jane Todd.

Malice and misanthropy vary in inverse ratio to the happiness of the individual.

\* \* \* \*

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# THE CARMELITE

CARMEL · BY · THE · SEA  
CALIFORNIA

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## Editorials . . .

### HOW WE VOTED, BUT, HOW—

This presidential election has been a quiet one, comparatively. No citizen has felt that the country was in any danger; it was not an emergency; no excuse for bitterness or passion that a rational mind could detect. And yet there were individuals whose minds could not stand even the slight strain of its gentle call for easy thought. There was incipient terrorism. The disposition to lynch that is always lurking around in the middle class mob of respectability was crouched ready to spring. Small people in Carmel, shop clerks and the like, were afraid to say they were for Smith; few Smith buttons appeared, many for Hoover. Smith voters, discovered, heard "What! You could vote for that—" A useful phenomenon, this. We might get some little self-knowledge out of it. This shocked indignation at nothing is the stuff the Red Terror is made of, and lynching mobs, and the people who felt and expressed it are the kind of animals that make up that fierce beast, the killing mob. The treason hunters of the war may have forgotten their mob madness, which was the same thing on a larger scale, in a greater emergency, with a better excuse. But the election fanatic who could think of the other side only with horror, rage or even indignation, who hissed "Catholic" and whispered about "that woman in the White House,"—these weak-minded, swift-emoted men and women should look at the war time fears and recall themselves and their conduct. And if they do they will not have to ask anybody about the killings in war, the bloody

terrors of the revolution in Russia, the tyrannies of the Fascists in Italy, the hangings and burnings of negroes in our South or the murders they want the Hickmans murdered by the state for. They need not ask any one else about these awful things because they can read the answer in their own moron minds and in their own blood-lusting hearts. They are what we are up against in the slow job of civilizing nations. They are the White Terrorists.

And when they read this and ask: "Can this really mean me?" let them answer in the privacy of their own souls: "Yes, this means me."

Literature and journalism has gone on to the point where it can make men see their neighbors as they are. The next step is to tempt men to see themselves as they are.

Another observation in this election, here in Carmel, was that most of this community is plain tory. There was a good reason for voting for Hoover, but we never heard it uttered. The reasons given were petty, personal or socially prejudiced; they were not the real motives. Listening attentively to the talk of the partisans it became obvious that these "progressives" in art or in education or some other particular of life were merely unconscious grafters who had got "theirs" and wanted evolution to stop. "Conservatives," they would be called in England, "Tories." Perhaps that is why they are not really progressives in art either, and education, and the theatre. Perhaps that is why this is not a liberal, enlightened, progressive community; as it thinks it is.

It would immensely clear our politics if our political parties could take on such descriptive names as Conservative, Liberal, Labor. It might not carry us on, but it would help us all to see where we stand. It might tempt or even force us to see ourselves as we are.

Women seemed to be more partisan and bitter than men in this campaign, more dangerous. Is this because they are women or new voters or weaker minded? During the civil wars that grew out of the Mexican Revolution, in the battles in which both men and women carried rifles and fought, it was noticed often when it was over and one side had won, that the victorious men quit killing and rested while their women went on out into the bloody field and finished, horribly, the wounded enemies. Savage, uncivilized women? Yes, but their men were savage, uncivilized men in the same stage of development as their women. We are talking about an apparent difference between the otherwise equal sexes.

During the campaign many speakers spoke of the educational value of a presidential campaign. Right. One can learn

THE CARMELITE, November 7, 1928

a lot about adult education and the need thereof in a political campaign. One can learn how one would behave in a greater emergency. But will one?

\*\*\*  
"What? You can vote for that!"

## Correspondence

To the editor of the Carmelite:

Mr. A. R. Orage, in his lecture in Carmel this week on "How to Begin to Write," made many brilliant and interesting statements. Many of them challenge opposition. In fact, he went so far that he proved not only his statements but several of their opposites also,—in witness of his versatility. And I have no doubt he could as scintillatingly have presented a complete contradiction of his lecture in a second thesis.

But here is one statement of his which must be torn to shreds: (He was speaking of composers.)

"Any competent musician," said Mr. Orage, "can produce any intended effect upon his audience."

Now this statement is false and inherently vicious. There may be "competent" performance, but there is no such thing as "competent" composing, except that which is commercial and infinitely removed from music as an art. The act of musical composition is purely creative, therefore purely subjective. The moment the composer becomes objective, the work before him becomes a limp rag incapable of continuing into life.

Again and again composers have born witness to the fact that in the act of composition it was as though they were played upon, rather than wilfully evoking some thing outside themselves. In short, the composer is not trying to produce an effect upon some future potential audience; he is simply recording an effect which has registered upon himself.

There have been written a few slender and tentative volumes on the Psychology of Music . . . but none of these has so far ventured to indicate the laws by which one may proceed to manufacture this or that effect in music. Richard Strauss has, it is true, been able to register in tone the emotion of disgust, something which had never before been done. But great composers both before and since Strauss have neither done this, nor been able to do this. This is no commentary upon their competence.

The great Johann Sebastian could make great music only in terms of his own subjective life-experience,—speaking with the musical vocabulary of his times, plus certain alterations which his individuality imposed upon this language. The technical side of composition, which the least

creative student can master, is an intellectual matter perhaps. But the creative act which makes a composition a work of art, and which gives it that quality which communicates greatly to others, is a purely intuitive, non-intellectual, interior, act.

If Johann Sebastian had written his music with "intentions" to affect, he would be dead as a doornail now.

Yours, etc.,  
Seven.

To the Editor of the Carmelite.

Dear Madam

In cutting my review of the movie "Sorrell and Son" in last week's issue you made it sound as if I expressed an opinion exactly the opposite of that which I hold. In the first paragraph (which was cut) I had stated that even a bad movie may have the merit of good propaganda: were all the war pictures we are seeing bad, they would still have the merit of showing the futility and cruelty of war. After pointing out the defects of "Sorrell and Son" I said, carrying on the thought in that first paragraph, "But this picture stated that murder is permissible in certain cases..." As it stands, cut, it appears that I disapprove of murder in certain cases; as a matter of fact I distinctly approve of we will say, killing a child born a hopelessly deformed, or insane, or (as is the case of the film) a person dying in agony of an incurable disease.

Yours etc.  
Ella Winter.

## ACCORDING TO ORAGE OR, HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL POET

The poet sits him down, reviews in his mind the literary instructions of Orage, and proceeds as follows: "I think I will write a poem about Love. But first I must be sure that this subject is one within my capabilities. Consulting my diary and also my calendar, I find that I have had four and one quarter years' experience of Love. Well within the time limit, I see.

"Next, am I personally equipped to deal with this subject?" (Poet contemplates himself and his postures, movements, gestures, tones of voice, etc., for some time before giving himself an affirmative decision.)

"Ha! I can proceed. Next as to form. Shall I make this an epic of love, a lyric, or a simple sonnet? A lyric. And as to style,—free verse or otherwise? But then after all, vers libre is, as Orage so truly says, less well adapted to the greatest heights of emotional expression than is Poetry with a capital P. And my intention is to stir my readers power-

fully. I shall need my riming dictionary then.

"And further as to style,—well that of course depends to a major extent upon my choice of an audience. My poem must have irresistible literary appeal to the largest possible number of well-selected readers. Now the basis of choice?" (Poet consults notebook.)

"Scribners' will pay fifteen dollars for a full page poem. 'Poetry,' on the other hand, only five. By all means 'Scribners.' (Fifteen dollars will nicely cover my laundry bill.) Its readers are moreover people of culture, have an average" (again consults notebook) "of one and a third cars per garage per family; are in large proportion white, Protestant, members of the Republican Party, and to a modified extent adherents of the Volstead Act.

"I now have a composite picture of my reading public well fixed in my mind's eye. The rest is easy. The poem is practically done." (Taking pen in hand, and inserting tongue in cheek, while keeping the dictionary within easy reach, the poet thereupon rapidly proceeds to the clerical labor of inditing the poem, Q. E. D.)

(P. S. After his poem has been accepted by the editors of "Scribners," the grateful author sends the following letter:

Dear Mr. Orage: Having faithfully carried out your teachings during the process of my work upon my poem 'Love,' I enclose check for one dollar and a half (\$1.50) roalty due you as my valued literary instructor, for its sale. My readers assure me by letter in every post that my work has inspired them with exactly the feelings I intended them to register, and I therefore feel that my success is assured. Yours with gratitude. ....)

## KELP WILL HELP

Recently we were constrained to creep into the waste basket because someone derided our remark that kelp would prevent tidal waves doing harm. Now Robinson Jeffers informs us that an Admiral of the Navy told him not long ago that they are considering using kelp to make a breakwater on some beach. He could not remember where.

(We creep back out of the waste-basket!) \* \* \* \*

The occupation of writing is a dignified and agreeable one. The author lives at home, which pleases everybody but his wife. —Upton Sinclair.

In the end it will be found that by every river and stream and tiny brook over the whole earth grows the invincible Tree of Life, whose roots are deep in the human heart, and whose leaves are for the healing of the Nations.

—Edward Carpenter.

## CALIFORNIA IN THE VAN OF SOCIAL PROGRESS

A piece of World News this week.

Great strides have been made in this country in the realisation that criminals are often sick or mentally unbalanced people and, as such, as little accountable for their "crimes" as a child with typhoid fever. But the law court procedure has been flagrantly stupid in selecting and paying psychiatrists to testify on either side. Thus the employment of doctors has been but a ludicrous procedure.

There has been agitation to have a body which will give impartial psychiatric testimony, and at a Californian trial this is now to come about. Some months ago a 17-year-old nurse-girl, Erna Janoschek, was charged with the murder of a twelve-months baby left in her care. No adequate motive was found, and scientific-minded newspaper readers hoped the girl would be fairly examined for mental or moral health before the trial. The following news now comes to us:

The psychiatrists employed by the defense and those employed by the prosecution (in the Janoschek case) recently joined in the following petition to the District Attorney and Public Defender of Alameda County:

Gentlemen:

We the undersigned have been requested to examine Erna Janoschek by the district attorney's office, the public defender and the defendant's family. It is our opinion that in the interest of justice we can function more efficiently if we sit together, submitting our findings in an impartial manner to the court, rather than appearing for the defense or for the prosecution.

We are therefore recommending for your consideration the formation of a commission so to report.

The petition has been granted and both prosecution and defense, as well as the Judge who will try the case, have agreed to the examination of the defendant on this basis.

## FIFTH PHILOSOPHER'S SONG

A million, million spermatozoa,

All of them alive

Out of their cataclysm but one poor Noah  
Dare hope to survive.

And among that billion minus one  
Might have chanced to be  
Shakespeare, another Newton, a new  
Donne

But the One was Me.

Shame to have ousted your betters thus,  
Taking ark while the others remained  
outside!

Better for all of us, froward Homunculus,  
If you'd quietly died!

—Aldous Huxley ("Leda.")

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## The Arts . . .

### THE CREATIVE VOICE

Madame Isona Sepulveda of Monterey has just finished a five years' period of intensive study and work upon a new method of singing. Last week she gave a lecture-recital to a group of keenly interested and much astonished hearers at her Monterey studio.

She has conclusively proven that the human voice is much less limited than we had supposed, and that with exactly the same placement of tone it is possible to sing a range of five octaves. This fact she illustrated by singing first the chromatic scale of five octaves, asking her audience to listen most carefully to see if they could detect any break in the voice, and then following with a program which included

a tenor aria from Lohengrin  
a lyric tenor aria of Mascagni  
a song, Sappho, by Gounod, for contralto

Elizabeth's Prayer from the Meister-singer, dramatic soprano  
the Aria from Louise, lyric soprano  
Chanson Provencal by Del Aguia, for coloratura soprano

There was no effort at all in Madame Sepulveda's voice. She was just as happily at home upon the deep mellow notes of the tenor, as in the floating delicacy and unbroken crescendo of her coloratura, of the abandon of her dramatic soprano. And she is never fatigued with this method of singing. She will emerge from a practice period of three or four hours, fresher than when she began, to spend the rest of the day teaching and singing with her students.

The experiments which Madame Sepulveda has made in these last five years and the method she has evolved therefrom, are now being corroborated by laboratory discoveries of modern science. Professor G. Oscar Russell of Ohio State University, has succeeded in photographing the interior mechanisms of the human voice during normal speech. His opinion is that "many previous theories regarding the voice will have to be modified if not revolutionized."

He has unlocked vocal secrets which will be felt in the radio and telephone industries, and in the teaching of languages and singing, and which may even enable him to teach deaf-mutes to speak. The evidence of his photographs proves that, contrary to accepted beliefs, the bone at the base of the tongue, and the so-called false vocal chords, do aid in the production of vowel sounds.

This fact, which Madame Sepulveda realized some years ago, is an essential part of her training. She consequently

agrees with Professor Russel that certain methods of voice training in vogue hitherto have been based upon false premises. Kellogg, as is now well known, has succeeded in putting out a flame merely by singing a note, inaudible to the human ear. That note has even flown over the radio and succeeded in its mission. We are told that we shall one day control ships far out at sea, by the use of the voice on land, shaping their courses to our will. What next? With new wonder we return to the first chapter of Genesis;

And God said, Let there be light.  
And there was light.

—M. Y. H.

#### ART NOTES

Stanley Wood has an exhibition at Vickery's in San Francisco. It opened today and will continue for two weeks.

#### ORAGE GOES BEYOND BEHAVIORISM

Orage spoke to a very much interested group at the Greene Studio last Friday. He began his lecture by saying that whatever subject you take up, it is necessary to be well equipped. You must acquire a superior technique in the handling of yourself in relation to it. There will be a limit to what you can do in any art. When this sense of the insufficiency of your own personality comes upon you, you will say "How I wish I could make myself over." There is A SUBJECT which, if pursued, will subtly and progressively assist your pursuit of perfection in any line.

This subject happens to be one, of universal interest. It is precisely ourselves. Every individual is primarily interested in himself but does not know himself. His friends know him better than he knows himself. This is a disgrace.

Therefore Scientific Self-Study is the objective at which we aim. First this means the rigorous pursuit of facts about which there is nothing metaphysical. Secondly there are to be no speculations about the transcendent self. Thirdly we understand by the word study, the serious effort to arrive at the truth.

What then is the means by which we get to know others? Simply by the five senses; by observing postures, gestures, tones of voice, facial expressions and movements. This is also the only way by which we can come to know ourselves. All inner knowledge of psychological states is untrue. We are subtle in our judgment of others. We are simple in our judgment of ourselves. We must learn to observe ourselves as we observe others.

This is not introspection. All that is asked of you is to observe what you do physically. When you have exhausted this field of observation, which is after all very limited, a strange sensation will

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**RENTING-REPAIRING-SALES**

occur. For the first time you will know that your body is not YOU. There is no possibility of perfection till the creature is realized as an objective phenomenon. Only then can we control destiny.

At the back of our minds is the wish for happiness. What is happiness? It may be defined as a state of agreeable emotion. We are always at the mercy of external and internal events. Life on the whole is very little more happy than unhappy. This is another disgrace. As a result of Scientific Self-Study happiness comes as a by-product.

What shall we do to change a negative emotional state? Observe our own gestures, tones of voice etc., and not those of the other person. The state will disappear because you will have ceased your apish imitation of the other person. You have ceased to be interested in his behavior and become interested in your own. This is called "screening your ape."

Seriously, all humans have an individual obligation, not to each other but for the continuance of the body received and its conversion from animal to MAN. What is the difference between animals and man? Simply that man has potential responsibility. All that nature can do is to give us a body with the potentiality of further development. It is up to us whether we develop this potentiality or not. Everything that happens to us is conditioned at birth except this one power of self-observation. This is the only way out of an otherwise fated existence.

Self-observation never becomes a habit. It is an act of Will which is unconditioned and has no ancestry. The difference between Will and Wish is as great as the difference between Sons of God and Servants of God. When wish becomes Will the individual has lifted himself out of the Old Testament and entered the New. Until we have developed Will we are but processions of fate.

What is offered by this Method is a technique beyond Behaviorism. It offers an escape from the machine, not by any means with which we are familiar, but by a technique which we must acquire. The observation of body is not a function of body. It is a new factor. It is comparable to the surd of mathematics which can not be definitely calculated.

So far we have been but embryos. We must learn to identify ourselves with the egg. The source of new power is the egg. Only so can anything new come to the embryo. This is the only place for the development of Will, the transference of identification from the embryo to the egg. Under this simple yoga two things will happen. The embryo will undergo startling changes. In the presence of the observing activity the changes are enormously enhanced. A new faculty will begin to emerge. This is the Power of Will.

THE CARMELITE, November 7, 1928

**THE KINDERGARTEN PARTY**

The Kindergarten children were given a party on Wednesday 24, 1928. As soon as anybody would come into the Kindergarten House, Mrs. Johnson would say, "Who's coming to our house?" As soon as all were assembled their pictures were taken. Mr. Bardarson and Mrs. Bardarson and their little boy came, and their little boy didn't want to have his picture taken. Mrs. Smith played the violin and Miss Ayer accompanied on the piano. It was very lovely. Miss Ayer then played on the piano and the children danced. Then Mrs. Bardarson played "Winken, Blinken and Nod," which was very much enjoyed. Then the children marched to the music Miss Ayer and Mrs. Smith played so kindly for them. They then sat down at the tables to eat. They enjoyed that of course. After they had finished they brought their chairs in a circle, and acted "The Little Tin Train" and "The Three Bears." They did it very nicely. —Jean Spence.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have been looking at the projector that the Sunset School recently bought. It is one of the largest portable projectors made. It is in a handsome black leather case about 24 inches by 24 inches by 8 inches, and has two one thousand watt lamps. It is the first really portable projector.

The motor is situated in the lower left hand corner. It cost over three hundred dollars. The school is going to raise the money by entertainments and moving pictures in the afternoon with an admission of ten cents for children and twenty-five cents for adults.

The first picture is going to be either "The Black Pirate, The Half Back, or The Thief of Bagdad."

—Garth Jeffers.

**PROUD SONGSTERS**

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,  
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,  
And as it gets dark loud nightingales  
In bushes sing. In bushes sing.  
Pipe, as they can when April wears,  
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand new birds of twelve  
months' growing,  
Which a year ago, or less than twain,  
No finches were, nor nightingales,  
Nor thrushes,  
But only particles of grain,  
And earth, and air, and rain.

—Thomas Hardy (from his last book of poems, "Winter Moods," to be published in America this fall.)

Note: It is interesting to compare the last verse of Hardy's poem with the last sentence in Robinson Jeffers' note for the publishers on his new work "Cawdor," characterising the shorter poems of that book as "...the mere common sense of our predicament as passionate bits of earth and water."

## Books . . .

**MONEY WRITES!** By Upton Sinclair  
(Published by the Author, Station B,  
Long Beach, Calif.)

In his preface Upton Sinclair tells his purpose in writing this book.

"All my childhood and youth I heard a formula: 'Money Talks!' I never had any money, so to me the formula meant: 'Shut up!'

"Now the world has moved on, and talking is out of date." (This was written before the election campaign) "It is by means of the printed word that the modern world is controlled. So the formula must be altered: 'Money Writes!'

"This book is a study of American literature from the American point of view. It takes our living writers, and turns their pockets out, asking 'Where did you get it?' and 'What did you do for it?' It is not a polite book, but it is an honest book and it is needed."

Sinclair takes books and writers and reviews them from this novel angle, and the result, whether one agrees or disagrees, is an exceedingly readable and provocative book. For those with no interest in the social question it will still hold the interest of a literary Who's Who, for it takes most of the well-known writers of today, describes them and their works, their strength and their weaknesses, and asks, like Mr. Why-Why, into the inner causes of their behavior.

It is an old story that Upton Sinclair's books are propaganda, but the propaganda is very near to art. He writes dramatically, epigrammatically, sharply, and with all the fervor of his fine social protest. He would, maybe, add to our appreciation of his friendships with great writers if he were less emphatic about them, but perhaps what may appear smugness is the mere ebullience of his bubbling mind. Sinclair certainly fulfills Orage's dictum for one of the maxims of good writing: "Feel the emotion you are trying to communicate to your readers."

A number of Carmel artists and visitors have their place in this book and almost all are on Mr. Sinclair's "white list." George Sterling, Sinclair Lewis, Paul Jordan Smith, Jimmie Hopper, Lincoln Steffens are of the small band according to Sinclair who never "sold out to the Great God Lorrimer."

There is an excellent chapter called "What the Public Wants." This is the formula, says Sinclair, which covers the use of the arts in the glorification of depravity. He remarks (and we a-



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THE CARMELITE, November 7, 1928

gree!) that the formula is twenty-five years out of date. To quote his own words, it is invalid because "every corner grocery has an expert who knows how to make the public want whatever he wants it to want. The presumptuous impulse of the public to do its own wanting is known to these ad men as 'sales resistance' and they lie awake nights figuring ways to batter it to pieces."

The book abounds in sentences witty and biting as the above, and it is never dull for an instant. It could be read for the aesthetic joy of these alone. Almost every sentence is quotable. As it is nearing Christmas we will select this one:

"Or consider Christmas. Could Satan in his most malignant mood have devised a worse combination of graft plus buncombe than the system whereby several hundred million people get a billion or so of gifts for which they have no use, and some thousands of shop-clerks die of exhaustion while selling them, and every other child in the western world is made ill from overeating—all in the name of the lowly Jesus? And yet so deadly is the boycott of the Christmas grafters, that these few sentences would suffice to bar this book from every big magazine and newspaper in America."

—E. W.

**POETRY**

If I were the March wind,  
If I had his passion;  
I would not waste it  
In his wanton fashion.

I would not spend it  
In idle emotions;  
Uprooting woodlands—  
Lashing the oceans...

If I were the March wind,  
If I held his passion;  
I would find use for it  
In a grim fashion.

—Sam DeWitt.

**FROM THE ADOBE  
NURSERY SCHOOL**

Improvisations on the theme of Humpty Dumpty by three-year-olds.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall  
All the King's horses and all the King's  
men  
Couldn't poor Humpty was a egg and  
broke and couldn't be mended.

\* \* \* \*

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great tumble,  
Down through the wall and out the other  
side.  
All the King's horses and all the King's  
men  
Couldn't put his hat on again  
Because his hat was really his stomach.

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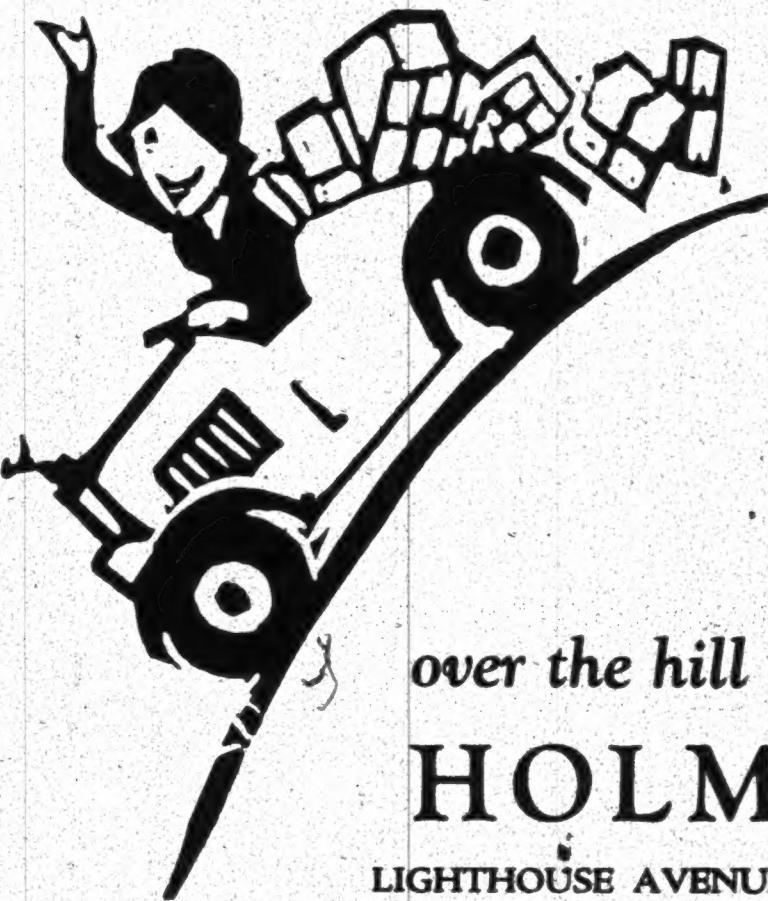
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**ULTRAVIOLET GLASS IS USELESS  
IN SCHOOLS**

The following stories are from the joint meetings of the American Public Health Association, the American Child Health Association and the American Social Hygiene Association, at Chicago, October 15 to 19.

Schoolrooms and offices should spend their money on outdoor sunparlors, rather than on the new windows that allow ultraviolet light to pass through, was the advice given by Dr. Walter H. Eddy of Columbia University at the meeting of the American Public Health Association. In homes and apartments these windows would be a great mothers' helper, saving the mothers from some of the hours spent walking up and down with babies and sitting in the park watching small children while they get their daily dose of sunshine.

Dr. Eddy experimented with rats that were fed a diet that would result in rickets, unless they got enough sunlight to counteract it. These rats were placed in cages in front of the new windows at various distances and angles and for the same length of time. Only those rats directly in the path of the sunlight failed to develop rickets. Those that were more than a few feet away or next to the window but outside of the path of the sun's rays, developed the disease.

Apparently the windows do permit the ultra-violet rays to pass into the room, but they do not go far enough or in sufficient intensity to take the place of outdoor sunshine. For office workers and school children, a few minutes' walk at noon will be more beneficial than all day spent in a room with ultraviolet light transmitting windows.

\* \* \* \* \*  
**MUST FOLLOW RULES  
OF SCIENCE**

If advertising would invoke the aid of science it must follow the rules that govern research in science, said Dr. E. V. McCollum of the Johns Hopkins University. Particularly in food advertising, the public is being misled by a wrong use of science. Dr. McCollum presented a plan for an advisory board to consider food advertising.

This board would decide on questions of accuracy, authenticity, propriety and applicability of scientific statements in food advertisements.

Advertisers themselves are feeling the need of such a board. Publishers are also feeling perplexed over the developments in advertising of food products, which have become so extravagant in their claims.

Some day—and not so far off—we shall understand human tropisms (impulses to move in a certain direction) and be able by chemical agents to change the thing we call human nature. —Jacques Leob.

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### BACK FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

Scene: A large and informal party at the Highlands in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea's return from the South Seas.

Both have been telling about the wonders they encountered and it is question time.

"Mr. O'Shea, you say there are so many missionaries in Tahiti. Are they then successful in converting the natives?"

"I did not discuss that subject with either the missionaries or their patients."

"Mr. O'Shea, your wife said you ate papayas every morning for breakfast. What then do papayas taste like?"

"Oh, they taste very like—like—papayas."

"Mr. O'Shea, are the islands really as Gauguin painted them?"

"Mr. O'Shea did you find Gauguin exaggerated?"

"Mr. O'Shea, er, did you, er, did you see much of the natives?"

"Mr. O'Shea, er, did you, did you, did you, have native servants?"

"Mr. O'Shea, could you speak the language of the natives?"

"Mr. O'Shea, did you, er, find the natives very attractive?"

"Mr. O'Shea, which did you find more attractive, the native men or the native women?"

"Mr. O'Shea, did you see natives looking like the paintings of Gauguin?"

"Mr. O'Shea, did you, er, are the, er, natives really degenerate?"

"Mr. O'Shea, did you see much drinking?"

"Only among the whites."

"Mr. O'Shea, Er, Er, are they really as primitive as people say?"

"Mr. O'Shea, did you say, what was that you said—about children?"

"Mr. and Mrs. O'Shea, tell us then, what DID you do in the South Seas?"

### CLASSIFIED ADS

#### FOR SALE:

**FURNITURE:** Hand-blocked mohair living room pieces and other things. Box 1404.

**CARS:**

Cadillac—Closed car; excellent condition; unusual bargain; Post office Drawer A C, Carmel.

#### FOR RENT:

The entire Hagemeyer place on Ocean Avenue at Mountain View: studio with attic workshop and garage. 3-room house and bathroom. 2-room cottage. Unfurnished. Very reasonable on long-term lease. Apply Box JH, the Carmelite.

**FOR RENT:**

A warm comfortable house with three bedrooms. Well furnished. Close in. \$45.00 a month. **ALSO:** An attractive small cottage, suitable for one person. \$20.00 a month. Apply to Dora Hagemeyer, Woodside Library, Carmel. Phone 655-W.

**FOR RENT:**

A small furnished house in Carmel Woods, enquire Denny and Watrous Studio, Dolores Street near Second.

### PROFESSIONAL SERVICES:

**WANTED:**

by a small boy and his mother, a motherly soul as housekeeper. Box Q, Carmelite Office. Telephone 717.

**POSITION WANTED:**

As companion-housekeeper by graduate nurse. Reply O. Box 694.

**TEACHER OF PIANO AND HARMONY**  
Minna Berger, Dolores St. next to Manzanita Club. Box 1147.

**WANTED:**

Hand loom. Please give full description and price. Box 694, Carmelite.

One would have thought Miss Charlton Fortune fortunate in a name so full of good augury, fortunate too in her gift of painting. She is not among the "arty" of our artists' colony. But after all there's many a slip, and the line between good and bad fortune is not always easy to draw.

Recently Miss Fortune had an accident and was telling a friend on the telephone that she would have to break an engagement.

"You see, I've had a little misfortune" said Miss Fortune.

Last week our esteemed contemporary referred to Miss Fortune by her full name and this is what our astonished eyes encountered:

"Miss Charlton Fortune."

## SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

Six Australians in conversation.

\* \* \* \*

Viola Worden plus large offspring on her arms being admired for same.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Nixon telling an abashed speeder as he hands her a yellow ticket: "Courtesy tickets is the bunk."

\* \* \* \*

Jimmie Hopper trying to vamp an old Abalone colleague (who now happens to be a traffic officer) into letting off a friend. Nix doing.

\* \* \* \*

Judge Fraser telling another speeder their next ticket would be an undertaker's.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Farley cleaning the dust of Farley's Cleaning Establishment off his boots (figuratively we mean). There are two bootblacks in town) Mr. Farley's has been taken over by Kenneth Goold.

\* \* \* \*

Both political parties stopping to admire an artistic portrait of one of the Presidential candidates in a window in Dolores.

\* \* \* \*

Another shopwindow on Dolores attracting attention. It shows an antedeluvian garment called a cravat, alias necktie. No wonder Carmelites were puzzled.

\* \* \* \*

Councilmen brushing up the rules of procedure for council meeting for the first Carmel Council reunion in a month.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Fraser's small dog trying oh so hard to obey and creep into his basket while she shows visitors pictures of small boys with geese under their arms.

\* \* \* \*

Someone discovering a portion of the globe on which a Carmelite is not.

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## The Tower of San Luis Rey



San Luis Rey once was the most prosperous Mission of El Camino Real. It was founded in 1798 by Father Lasuen. It was restored in 1892. The buildings consist of the church and a long two-story arched colonnade. There are some interesting murals and two Moorish arches; one leading to the patio with its old fountain and the other to the mortuary chapel. The chapel is octagonal and many of the early Mission leaders are buried there. The car in the picture is a Chevrolet Coach.

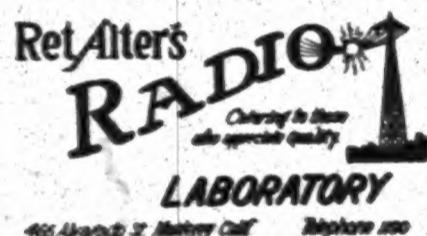
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Zenith had all Electric (not "socket-power") radio in 1926--the rest had it in 1927. Zenith had Dynamic Speakers in 1927--the rest followed suit in 1928. Zenith has Automatic Tuning in 1928--well, Zenith dealers **ALWAYS** lead the parade.



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